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MISSOURI

A PAGEANT AND MASQUE

BY

THE PARCHMENT GUILD

FOR THE

MISSOURI STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

AND THE

COLUMBIA COMMERCIAL CLUB

MARCH 25, 1920

COLUMBIA, MISSOURI

THE HALL THEATRE

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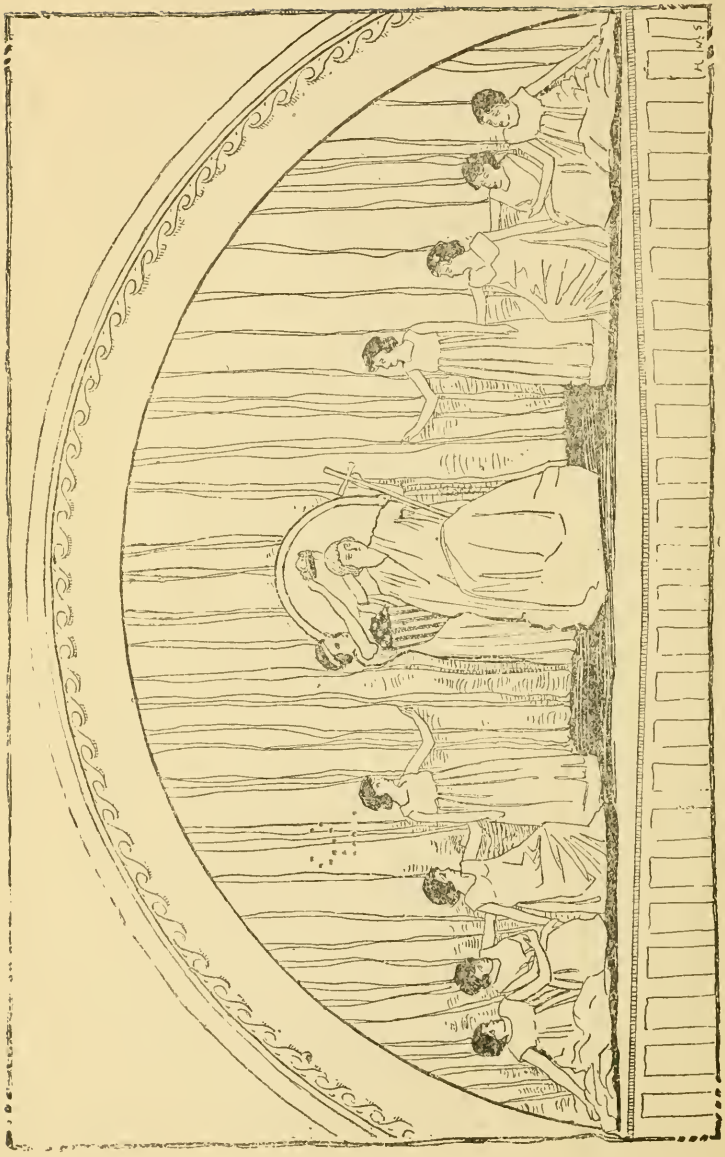

Gift-

"Salus populi suprema lex esto"

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ORCHESTRA Floy Ebert, first violin; Dorothy Leeper, second violin; J. W. Ridings, piano; Glenwood Spurling. 'cello; F. R. Antoine, coronet; J. E. Witt, clarionet; L. P. Blattner, drum; Margaret Baxter, harp.

PREFACE

Missouri, A Pageant and Masque, commemorates the centennial of Missouri's statehood by presenting in dramatic form a series of symbolic and realistic scenes representative of the working out of the State motto, "Let the safety of the people be the supreme law."

The Parchment Guild, composed of M. M. Brashear, Thaddeus R. Brenton, Vivian H. Bresnehen, Paul M. Fulcher, Ida A. Jewett, Myrta Ethel McGinnis, Marion E. Ryan, and Ralph G. Taylor, is responsible for the writing of the book and the production of the Pageant.

The Pageant has been made possible by the co-operation and generosity of the Missouri State Historical Society and the Columbia Commercial Club.

We have attempted to emphasize accuracy of spirit rather than of detail, and we wish to acknowledge our indebtedness in this regard to Mr. Floyd C. Shoemaker, but to exonerate him from all responsibility for mistakes we must have made.

The whole community has been of so much assistance that it is impossible to mention all names. We thank particularly other members of the English department and the history department for valuable criticism; the art department; the home economics department; the School of Education for the use of the costume material originally in its possession; Miss Ebert and the orchestra under her direction; Dr. Almstedt for the music and Miss Miriam Thurman for the words of the "Song of the Missouri Waters." Acknowledgment to persons or groups making up the cast is made elsewhere.

To gain continuity of effect and to avoid delay in shifting scenery, the scenes take place in a purely conventional setting. Between the episodes there becomes visible in the background the Tapestry of the Years, into which Time is weaving the destinies of the State.

THE PARCHMENT GUILD.

PROLOGUE

Bugles sound.

The curtain rises. At the back of the half-lighted stage hangs the dim tapestry of the years. At one side stands Time; at the other side is the Spirit of the Missouri River.

The Spirit of the Missouri River speaks.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MISSOURI RIVER

What means this darkened tapestry
On which thou gazest? What art thou?

TIME.

I am the Weaver of the Ages;
This is my tapestry of years.
I weave the destinies of human kind into its fabric.
Not often is it granted men to see the pattern that I weave,
And even then but dimly.
But who art thou, bold Spirit, thus to question me?

THE SPIRIT OF THE MISSOURI RIVER.

I am the Spirit of the broad Missouri.
My waters flow by hill and valley through a virgin land
Rich in the wealth of nature. Forests fringe my banks.
The red man hunts within the forest shades,
Or floats upon my flood in his canoe.
The changing seasons clothe my banks with tender green of spring,
Rich foliage of summer, autumn's wealth of hue
Winter's dark somberness and snowy purity.
From out the hills flow other streams to me;
I send my waters ever on their way
To join the Mississippi, Father of Waters.
Strange tales he whispers me of legends told by eastern streams,

Of men, too, fair and tall—white gods they seem—
Who come o'er mightier waters in winged ships like great white birds
To seek for treasures of the sea and land.
Tell me, O time, shall I behold these pale-faced strangers?

TIME.

As yet, O River of the Cloudy Waters,
Spirits of wood and hill and stream frolic upon thy banks
Untroubled by the red man, Nature's child.
But yet a little while and I can see
The coming of the stranger to thy stream.
Sometimes he dreams of gold, and finds it not;
Sometimes he comes in somber robe, bringing the Cross;
Sometimes he bears away rich furs and ore of lead.
And though he merely halts, but tarries not,
Still with his passing I shall weave, dimly as yet,
Into my darkened tapestry of years
The Spirit of the mighty state that it to come.

I see the coming presently of those
Who seek not gold, or other treasures they may bear away;
They come to build them homes, to found a commonwealth;
Still others join them, makers of the future state.
Two flags I see that come and pass away;
A new tri-color follows with its stars and stripes,
The standard of a young democracy.
Farmsteads and villages and cities I behold,
Broad fields and busy factories and shops,
Churches and schools erected everywhere.
Then shall I weave into my fabric's plan
The figure of a state but newly crowned,
Whose watchword is the welfare of her own.
Even when I see the coming of a war
In which Missouri's sons shall bear them well,
Followed by a more dreadful, civil strife—
Hunting of brother by brother, bitterness—
Still shall I weave my pattern, for I know
That though the people's safety is endangered for a time,
Yet it must be the final shaping force

Of the great commonwealth.
Beyond the ending of the civil strife
I see prosperity and health and happiness.
But when a final test of blood and fire,
Greater than any other test, shall come,
Missouri will send forth her sons to uphold
The welfare of all peoples.

Ceaselessly do I weave my tapestry of years.
The time has not yet come when men may see the fabric that I weave.
Perhaps the pattern may not ever be revealed save in rare glimpses;
Yet men may know that ever fuller, richer grows the plan.
I weave the destinies of a mighty state
Whose people's welfare is her law supreme.

Time ceases speaking. Spirits of the woods, the rivers, and the hills come out and dance together. Indian children enter and pause to watch with wide eyes the dance of the spirits. The children pass on.

Presently the spirits of nature draw back and conceal themselves. A spirit of gold enters, dancing alluringly, and beckoning to a band of Spaniards. As the Spaniards enter, and eagerly approach the dancing figure, she disappears with a mocking laugh. The Spaniards cross the stage wearily and go out. The spirits of nature steal out and peer after them; then the dance is resumed.

Again the spirits draw back and conceal themselves. French priests and monks enter and pass slowly across the stage. Behind them come hunters, trappers, and fur traders. Lead miners follow. As these groups are crossing the stage, a faint light reveals the Spirit of Missouri, as yet but dimly woven into the tapestry of the years.

The groups leave the stage. The outlines of the Spirit on the tapestry grow fainter. The spirits of nature resume their dance. Presently they withdraw from the stage.

EPISODE I

THE FOUNDING OF STE. GENEVIEVE.

TIME. About 1735, near twilight.

PLACE. Missouri territory.

GROUP. Two Jesuit monks; acolytes, miners, artificers, hunters, black slaves from Santo Domingo, Indian youths, and a few women.

SPEAKING PERSONS.

RENAULT, prospector from Ft. Chartres.

M. VILLIER, commander of Ft. Chartres.

FATHER DENNEPIN, a Jesuit priest.

GUSTAVUS SAINT GEM, a young hunter.

LOUISE DE BELLE RIVE, a French maiden.

THE HOLY STE. GENEVIEVE.

There is a processional coming up from the river bank. A few men are singing bars of a French Voyageur song. The twilight is gathering. The light has a faint purple tinge.

The processional comes into view: Father Dennepin, in the robes of the church; three acolytes bearing a processional cross, a censer, and a pail of holy water; two Jesuit monks with lighted tapers; Renault, bearing a scroll; and M. Villier, carrying a standard of France; miners, artificers, black slaves, hunters, Indian youths, and women. The men still chant the Voyageur song. A man's voice breaks the chant: "Let this be the place."—And the processional becomes a group in a half-circle. The deep tones of Renault's voice smother the Voyageur song.

RENAULT. I, Phillippe Francois Renault, prospector of Fort Chartres, wish to establish here upon this ground a mining-post, in the name of His Majesty, Louis XV, King of France. It will be the purpose of this post to mine lead ore, which shall be sent to Fort Chartres, and then by way of New Orleans to our country, France. Father Dennepin, will you bless this ground to the glory of God and the service of France?

(*The men uncover their heads. An acolyte hands the priest the vessel of holy water; the boy swings the censer.*)

FATHER DENNEPIN. In Nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti——

(*He sprinkles the earth with the holy water. The assemblage chants: Amen.*)

M. VILLIER. I, Villier, commander of Fort Chartres, do hereby render this spot in full duty and faith to His Majesty, Louis XV of France.

(*He plants the staff of the standard in the earth.*)

GUSTAVUS SAINT GEM. Is this post but a branch of Fort Chartres? Ought we not to name it for itself?

RENAULT. It is but a branch of Fort Chartres. It need not bear another name. Come, Father, your blessing, and we go.

(*The people kneel. The twilight is deepening. As Father Dennepin is pronouncing the words of the blessing, —"Benedictio dei omni potentis, Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti descendet super vos et maneat——" there comes from the distance the long-drawn cry of a cougar. The women raise their heads, terror mirrored in their faces. Louise de Belle Rive shrieks. She stands erect. The pent-up fear-passion of days can no longer be suppressed.*)

LOUISE DE BELLE RIVE. O, Mother of God, have mercy upon our souls——we who are cast abroad without aught but thy protection. It is more than womankind can bear. The wild animals, the red men, and no grain. We shall starve—be eaten—murdered in our beds. Oh, Christ, have mercy upon us.

(*Gustavus Saint Gem supports her. The cougar cries again as the twilight continues to deepen. The other women moan. The priest mutters again the words of the benediction,—"Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, descendet super vos——." It grows darker.*

A figure, in dazzling light, appears above their heads: SAINTE GENEVIEVE, in a myriad of altar-lights. She lifts her hand, and the assemblage listens.)

SAINTE GENEVIEVE. My children—France's children—I am with you. Do you fear, with the Mother of Paris? As I brought food to the suffering in past times, so shall I now

bring grain to you in the wilderness. As I drove Attila and his hordes to the black forest, so shall I be the strong defense against your enemies. Fear not; I shall watch. Your settlement shall be mine. I will guard both you and your children. Let this place be called Sainte Genevieve.

(*The vision slowly fades. There is a deep silence as the upturned faces of the people reflect the glory of the passing Saint.——The silence is lost in an exaltation. Other hunters have appeared, bearing lighted pine-knots. The processional passes amid cries of*: "*Sainte Genevieve we shall call it.—Vive Sainte Genevieve.*")

EPISODE II

The Coming of Daniel Boone, and the Louisiana Purchase.

SCENE I

News of the purchase of Louisiana arrives at a colony in the Femme Osage Valley, of which district Boone is Syndic.

TIME. The latter part of May, 1803. Late afternoon of a day on which Boone is to settle certain disputes.

PLACE. A small colony of Kentuckians in the Femme Osage Valley. An open space within the stockade.

GROUP. Children playing. Settlers, men and women—French, Spanish, Kentuckians. A few negro slaves. An old Indian, and an Indian woman and child.

Later, other settlers and Indians enter.

SPEAKING PERSONS.

Nancy, a Kentucky girl.

Jeannette, a French girl.

Brent, a young trapper, Nancy's brother.

Devallois, also a trapper, Jeannette's brother.

Cordoba, an old Spaniard, a man of influence in the colony.

Grandsire Wade, a miser.

Mistress Barnaby, his debtor.

Daniel Boone, at present Syndic of the district.

Nancy (*singing to a group of children who have stopped their play to demand it*).

There was a little ship and she sailed upon the sea,
And she went by the name of the The Mary Golden Tree,
As she sailed upon the lone and the lonesome low,
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

There was a little sailor unto the captain said,
"Oh Captain, Oh Captain, what will you give to me
If I sink them in the lone and lonesome low,
If I sink them in the lonesome sea?"

(She breaks off, for as she has been singing the last few lines, a girl's voice has gradually been growing louder outside, and becomes distinct a few words before she enters.)

JEANNETTE *(outside)*.

Il pleut, il pleut, bergere,
Presse tes blancs moutons;
Allons a la chaumiere
Bergere, vite, allons!
J' entends sur le feuillage
L'eau qui tombe a grand bruit.
Voici venir l'orage
Voila l'eclair qui luit!

(She enters, and during the next stanza advances toward Nancy, and only stops singing when she is directly in front of her.)

Entends-tu le tonnerre?
Il roule en approchant.
Prends un abri, bergere,
A ma droite en marchant,
Je vois notre cabane,
Et tiens, voici venir
Ma mere et ma soeur Anne
Qui vont l'etable ouvrir.

NANCY *(kindly)*. No need to try to drown my little voice, Jeannette. You know I have ever thought yours the sweeter.

JEANNETTE *(shrugs)*. Bah! You and your English songs!

NANCY *(rising and putting one hand on her shoulder)*. Because our brothers dispute over their traps, and snarl and growl at each other like the wild beasts they seek to catch, is it reason that you and I, who have been friends since first your father brought you to Femme Osage, should quarrel too? Or that you taunt me with my English blood? England was kind to you when your father fled from the bloody streets of Paris ten years ago, and since then has not the new land been kind to us both? For Jeannette, we are no more English and French. The country is our country, and we are the daughters of the wilderness, you and I, and therefore sisters.

JEANNETTE. Yet the new land is French.

NANCY. The new land was Spanish but yesterday. It is French today. Who can tell what it will be tomorrow? Myself, I hope. . . . But who are we women to talk of men's affairs? . . . I wonder why the Syndic does not come. Boone is not often late.

JEANNETTE (*whose hostility has been gradually weakening, and here bursts out in a final flare*). Ah, you are anxious! You think that he will decide for your brother. You—

NANCY. I think that he will decide fairly, Jeannette. Daniel Boone is a just man, though a stern one. (*Turning to the tall old Spaniard.*) Do you know, Senor Cordoba, what could be keeping the Syndic?

CORDOBA. Senorita, my son Miguel says that but recently there came to the Syndic a messenger from St. Louis, with despatches of import. This it is undoubtedly which delays him.

(*A general movement occurs in the outskirts of the group and Boone enters, nodding absently to the greetings. The Kentuckians are respectful, but not servile. The French bow low, as do the Spaniards. The few Indians retreat a little in awe.*)

BOONE (*to the disputants, who have crowded clamorously about him*). Presently. (*He looks around him.*) Corboda? Fetch any of your countrymen you can find. Grier, get your friends, and you, Dechance, bring the Frenchmen. Return quickly. I have news. (*They go out.*) Now Grandsire Wade, what for you? Money again, I warrant.

WADE. May it please your worship, this Mistress Barnaby here owes me twelve Pieces of Eight. Fine new pieces they were, too, that she had from me. She gave her cow as surety, and now she says she cannot pay. May it please you to order her to give me them back, Sir, may it please you, or to give me the cow in payment. 'Tis but a poor cow, Sir,—

MISTRESS BARNABY (*interrupting vehemently*). 'Tis a fine cow she is, Sir!

WADE.—and will repay me but scant, Sir, but—

BOONE (*cutting him short*). Goodwife Barnaby, what say you? (*She volubly begins to explain, but Boone stops her sternly.*) You owe the money? (*She nods.*) You cannot pay? (*Nods*) Then your cow is forfeit. (*She sobs, and the old man cackles in glee. Both start away.*) Stop, Goodwife, Goodwife,

you have seen my three cows pasture on the grass by the stockade. Which like you best?

Mistress Barnaby (*wonderingly, wiping her eyes*). Indeed, Sir, Brindle, I think, Sir.

Boone. She is yours. (*He abruptly stops all manifestations of sentiment on her part, but she continues to sob and mutter exclamations of joy.*) Now, LeVallois and Brent, what say you?

Brent. It's this way, Syndic. You see, I set my traps for otter on the creek south of my clearing, near the spot where the Indian squaw drowned herself. Last Wednesday I found LeVallois' traps not a rod from mine. He has no right—

Boone (*wrathfully*). And is this a man's quarrel? Go! there are pelts enough in my cabin for ye both, without the trouble of trapping. Divide them, and welcome, so ye bother me not with your baby bickerings. If these be the ways of men, then, old as I am, I must blaze a new trail out into the West. This is no way to build a nation. I am handier with a gun than with sayings. I can use bullets better than words. But I have seen men, and I know that unless they stand together they fall. Do your trapping together, Brent and LeVallois, and divide your pelts between you.

(*The crowd has been increasing and is drawing closer around Boone. Six or eight half-naked Indians come and fill in the background. The few Indians previously present join them.*)

Boone (*drawing a paper from his pocket*). My time as your Syndic is almost over, and I am not sorry. I have done what I could for you, but I am only a rough, uncouth hunter, not wise in the law, but acting always for what I thought was your welfare. Now I can soon give you into better hands. This despatch was brought me an hour ago by a messenger from St. Louis. It is in Spanish, and over long, but the meat of it is this. The Republic of France has sold its territory of Louisiana, of which we are a part, to the United States. Save for the foolery of debate and the setting of seals and signatures, the deed is done, and we are now no longer Spanish, or Frenchmen, or Englishmen, but Americans. It is a good name, sirs, a good name, and my hunter's eyes are not too old to see a future for it. . . . But I have clacked away like Goodwife Barnaby here. . . . God bless ye all.

(*He turns abruptly and goes out. The Indians clear a path for him with startling agility.*

The people, too dazed to say a great deal, not sure enough of the meaning of it all to make any demonstration, go out quietly by little groups. Brent and LeVallois and their sisters are the last to go. The two young trappers clasp hands awkwardly and go out together. Jeannette runs up and puts an arm around Nancy.)

JEANNETTE. Ah ,oui, ca, c'est gentil, n'est-ce pas que c'est gentil,—sister?

NANCY (*kissing her*). Yes, Jeannette, the Syndic was right. Americans—it's a good name. (*They go out arm in arm.*)

SCENE 2

THE FORMAL TRANSFER OF UPPER LOUISIANA TO THE UNITED STATES.

TIME. March 9, 1804.

PLACE. St. Louis. An open space before the Spanish Government House of Upper Louisiana.

GROUP. A throng in the open space continually increases until it includes many French, a number of Americans, and a few Spanish men, women, and children, a few negroes, and a few Indians. They await the coming of Spanish and American officials for the transfer of Upper Louisiana to the United States.

SPEAKING PERSONS.

CHARLES DEHAULT DELASSUS, Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Louisiana, a Frenchman in the Spanish service, liked and respected by the people.

CAPTAIN AMOS STODDARD, of the American Army, acting as commissioner for both the French and the American Governments.

CAPTAIN MERIWETHER LEWIS, also of the American Army.

A SPANISH CAPTAIN.

DANIEL BOONE, Syndic of the Femme Osage District.

PIERRE AND AUGUSTE CHOUTEAU, Frenchmen of dignity and standing in St. Louis.

JOHN CLARK, a Baptist minister.

THOMAS JENKINS, a Methodist minister.

A Kentuckian and A Virginian.
Two Stalwart Young Americans.
A Child.
The Town Crier and A Small Boy.

(*As the scene opens, a clear sharp bell, and then the voice of the crier, is heard from the distance. Soon, preceded by the small bell-ringer, appears the aged town crier carrying before him a official-looking document whose contents he begins to cry in a sing-song half-unintelligible French. During his speech, some of the older men and women look pleased, others doubtful or displeased; the young Americans show their joy. As the crier ceases, the words of the Kentuckian and the Virginian are heard above a subdued general murmur.*)

Kentuckian. Changes are uncertain things. I dislike them.

Virginian. We have been comfortable under the Spanish rule. I trust we may be so still; but I suspect these land-grabbers who have been scurrying around lately. There's always confusion just after a change.

Kentuckian. Delassus has been a just and mild governor.

Virginian. And Daniel Boone a good syndic in the Femme Osage District. I hear he means to resign today, on account of his age.

A Child. Father, what are they going to do?

John Clark. Thank God for American rule, though the Spanish have been very liberal with us who were not Catholics.

Thomas Jenkins. Yes. We have been allowed to worship in our own way, as long as we announced no church meetings, and raised no churches. But now—now we may declare openly the faith that is in us.

John Clark. We may have our own churches and ring our own church bells now. This is a day, Brother Jenkins, for us Methodists and Baptists to rejoice.

Thomas Jenkins. Amen.

Young Man (*vigorously*). Now no more of old-world rule. The new world triumphs.

(*At this instant, drum and fife are heard in the distance. As they draw gradually nearer, the few remaining soldiers who make up the whole Spanish garrison march*

silently in and take places at the right. Spanish officials follow, among them Delassus, the Chouteaus, and three syndics, one of whom is Daniel Boone. After them walks a man bearing a tall reading desk; behind him is a second man, carrying documents which he lays on the reading desk. The American soldiers, led by Captain Stoddard and Captain Lewis, enter immediately. Captain Stoddard advances ceremoniously, while Captain Lewis withdraws the troops to one side.)

DELASSUS (*to the people*). To you, citizens of St. Louis and to you others, dwellers within the territory of Upper Louisiana, I desire to convey the thanks of the Spanish Government for your loyalty and for your peaceful obedience to law. You have dwelt, men and women of different lands, in harmony together. Together you have worked for the common safety, for the common good. Your syndics have guided you well. Oldest and most notable among these is Daniel Boone, the fame of whose just and kindly judgments has gone abroad through other districts. He has rendered to the Spanish Government valuable assistance by bringing from Virginia and Kentucky one hundred families to live among us and help advance the civilization of this great land. To him and his compeers, and to you all, Spain gives thanks. People of Upper Louisiana, friends have we lived together; friends may we part. (*He turns to Stoddard.*)

And now, in pursuance of the treaty concluded at St. Idelfonso, the first day of October, in the year of our most gracious Lord, 1800, by his most serene and potent highness, his Catholic Majesty, Charles the Fourth, King of Spain, and by the French Republic, I, Charles Dehault Delassus, Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Louisiana, do announce and declare this territory of Upper Louisiana, with all the archives, papers, and documents relative to its domain and sovereignty, to be herewith conveyed to you, Captain Amos Stoddard, acting commissioner of the French Government.

STODDARD. In the name of the French Republic I receive from the Spanish Government, through you, its authorized representative, the territory of Upper Louisiana, with all official documents, and all authority hitherto vested in the Spanish Lieutenant-Governor, to be transferred forthwith to

the United States, in accordance with the treaty concluded at Paris the thirtieth day of April, in the year of our Lord, 1803.

DELASSUS. Let the documents be presented for signature.

(He steps forward, salutes Captain Stoddard, and conducts him ceremoniously to the place of signature. Each signs in the name of his government. Then Delassus asks the Chouteaus and a syndic to sign as witnesses. While the witnesses sign, a general murmur and movement amongst the people indicates feeling ranging from depression to exultation.

At the end of the signing, Delassus is seen to introduce Daniel Boone to Captain Stoddard; and above the sound of the people is heard part of what Boone says to Stoddard, as he offers him documents.)

BOONE.——And so, on account of my growing age and infirmities, I pray you release me from my duties as Syndic. Let a younger and better man take my place.

(Captain Stoddard is seen to refuse the documents.)

BOONE. Well, then, for a little longer.

(Delassus signals the Spanish captain, who despatches soldiers toward the fort and the flag. At a signal from Stoddard, an American corporal and two privates hasten to the fort. Presently the Spanish flag descends and the French flag rises. As the French flag ascends, some of the French begin The Marseillaise; the rest join. There is a pause.)

STODDARD. Now, in accordance with the treaty concluded at Paris the thirtieth day of April, in the year of our Lord, 1803, I, Amos Stoddard, do take possession of Upper Louisiana, in the name of the United States.

(He raises his hand in signal, and the French flag is lowered; a moment later the American flag floats upward. (*) The drum and fife begin "Hail Columbia": the Americans sing. Presently the American soldiers move off toward the fort; the rest of the Americans follow; and as the scene fades, the others gradually move away and disappear from view.)

(*) Not historically true. During twenty-four hours the French flag, out of courtesy to the French inhabitants of the territory, floated over Upper Louisiana.

EPISODE III

THE PASSAGE OF THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE. INCIDENTALLY, THE ARRIVAL OF THE INDEPENDENCE, THE FIRST STEAMBOAT UP THE MISSOURI, IN OLD FRANKLIN.

TIME. The last of March, 1820.

PLACE. Old Franklin.

GROUP. A cannon salute is fired from the town and returned by the boat. The voice of the town crier is heard in the distance announcing the arrival of the Independence. A crowd of townspeople gathers quickly at the corner by the tavern. Among them are countrymen and rivermen, Indians, negroes, and emigrants from Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia. In informal procession a group comes up the river bank, headed by Captain Nelson and Lilburn Boggs. They are followed by Benjamin Holliday and Thomas H. Benton, a young lawyer from Saint Louis, who is one of the passengers from the Independence. Nathaniel Patton, editor of the Intelligencer, greets Captain Nelson.

SPEAKING PERSONS.

NATHANIEL PATTON, editor of the Missouri Intelligencer.

JOHN NELSON, captain of the Independence.

THOMAS HEMSTEAD, a rider from Washington.

BENJAMIN HOLLIDAY, associate editor of the Intelligencer.

LILBURN BOGGS.

A METHODIST PREACHER.

A NEGRO.

NATHANIEL PATTON. All Franklin is grateful to you, Captain Nelson. You have opened the doors of the world to us.

CAPTAIN NELSON. It is your good fortune to reside on the banks of a noble river.

BENJAMIN HOLLIDAY. We have you to thank, Captain, that its wave will roll the tribute of our region to the Mexican gulf.

LILBURN BOGGS. Will you hear the song our maids have prepared against your arrival?

(*A group of girls sing the "Song of the Missouri Waters."*)

SONG OF THE MISSOURI WATERS.

THE MISSOURI.

Born of oak, the forest's daughter,
Sister of the pine,
Sister of the wind and water,
First-born of your line.

THE TRIBUTARIES.

Let the wind join voice to ours
In a greeting song,
As we bear her—decked with flowers,
Branches, buds—along.

THE MISSOURI.

Greatest joy may heaven send thee,
May our hopes be blest,
For the fondest thoughts attend thee,
Latest child and best.

THE TRIBUTARIES.

Child of oak, the forest's daughter,
Sister of the pine,
Sister of the wind and water,
Hail to all your line!

(*The sound of a trumpet is heard from around the corner. A rider, travel-stained, apparently just dismounted, comes toward the group.*)

THOMAS HEMSTEAD. Can you tell me where I shall find the editor of the Missouri Intelligencer?

NATHANIEL PATTON. Here, Sir.

THOMAS HEMSTEAD. You are Nathaniel Patton? I come to you with a packet from Governor Clark of Saint Louis.

(*He gives him a sealed packet. Mr. Patton breaks the seal and glances quickly through two letters.*)

Mr. Patton (*to the crowd*). We have, by private post, a message from Governor Clark. He encloses a letter from John Scott at Washington. (*Voices excitedly*: "*The bill has passed!*") I shall ask Mr. Benton our guest from St. Louis, to read you the letter.

Washington.
The 6th of March, 1820.

To his Excellency, the Governor of the Territory of Missouri, Addressed.

Sir:

It is my pleasure to be able to announce to you by private post, that your prayers have been answered. The deadlock is broken. (A buzz of voices, "Hurrah for John Scott!") The Enabling Act, known here as the Missouri Compromise, was passed in both houses of the Congress this forenoon, thanks to Mr. Clay. (Voices: "Hurrah for Henry Clay. He'll be our next President.") You will *have the full text of the bill by the Regular post. It gives you permission to frame for yourselves "a constitution and a state government without restrictions as to slavery." (Part of the crowd send up yells) and to "assume such name as you shall deem proper for admission to the Union upon equal footing with the original states." You see we "dough faces" won out. No earthly power can dictate the terms of our constitution.*

I beg, Sir, to subscribe myself,
Your humble servant,
John Scott.

(*There is great excitement in the crowd. The emigrants and negroes throw up their hats.*)

A Methodist Preacher. Ah! It's a mistake not to prohibit slavery here. We've got it to fight out amongst ourselves now. The Lord never intended creatures of his to be in bonds.

A Negro. I say, Massah, dis heah niggah had a mighty close call. Ah do'n wanter leave Missuru, but Ah ain' a goin' tu live whah deh ain' no niggahs.

(*A procession forms, bearing banners and transparencies. One displays the American eagle surmounting an Irish harp. Another represents a slave in great spirits,*

rejoicing at the permission granted by Congress to bring the slaves into so fine a country as Missouri. Captain Nelson, Thomas H. Benton, and the Committee of Citizens review the parade from the steps of the tavern. An immense bonfire begins to light up the street, which has grown gradually dark).

NOTE. The actual date of the arrival of the Independence was May 28, 1819.

EPISODE IV

The Mexican War: The Doniphan Expedition.

SCENE 1

TIME. 1846.

PLACE. Old Santa Fe.

GROUP. In front of the palace of the Governors, above which waves the American flag, people are gathering; Spaniards talking excitedly, Navajo and Pueblo Indians looking on stolidly, American soldiers standing about everywhere. A silver-toned bell in a Spanish church chimes slowly; a trumpet is sounded.

General Kearny. (*mounting upon an improvised platform*). New Mexicans! As Commander of the Army of the United States of America, I have summoned you from your homes this day in order that I may absolve you from all allegiance to Mexican authority. I proclaim you citizens of the United States—full partakers of its protection and bounty. I hereby annex the province of New Mexico to the United States as the Territory of New Mexico.

I have to congratulate you men from Missouri that the Army of the West has been able to take peaceable and undisputed possession of this country without the loss of a single man or the shedding of one drop of blood in the name of the United States. I shall not start westward from here until the constitution drafted by Colonel Doniphan and Mr. Hall is in force. I shall appoint Charles Bent to act as Governor of the Territory and Frank P. Blair as Attorney-General. My plan is to push across the desert to California. You, Colonel Doniphan, I shall leave in charge of the fort here, until the arrival of Colonel Sterling Price, whom Governor Edwards is sending to our aid. Thereupon you will march into the country of the Navajos. They refuse to acknowledge the United States government. Unless you find them so rebellious that they must be chastized, merely take their chiefs as hostages. Have

everything in readiness to march as soon as Colonel Price arrives.

(Colonel Doniphan salutes. The Mexican flag is slowly lowered from the flagstaff, and the American flag raised. The band plays The Star Spangled Banner. General Kearny goes into the Governor's palace. The crowd slowly disperses, discussing the proclamation. The stage is darkened.)

SCENE 2

The Battle of Sacramento Pass.

TIME. February 28, 1847.

PLACE. Fifteen miles from Chihuahua, Mexico, in a desert country.

GROUP. Colonel Doniphan sits on the ground playing three-trick loo with his officers. The stake is a fine Mexican horse captured in the morning. Their United States yagers lie by their sides. The men are travel-stained and bronzed.

SPEAKING PERSONS.

Colonel Doniphan.
Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson.
Major Clark.
Captain Murphy.
Captain Elliott.
Captain Weightman.
Captain Reid.
A Mexican Messenger.
Soldiers.

Lt. Col. Jackson. This is more like war. At least the Mexicans make a show of open fight.

Capt. Fisher. I hope I may never be called for another Indian campaign.

Major Clark. We got a good treaty out of them, though. The people of New Mexico will be safe, I believe; and they agreed not to molest the Pueblos. Not a bad lot, the Navajos, as Indians go.

(Captain Reid, leader of a band of scouts, approaches and salutes. The guards present arms.)

Capt. Reid. There is movement on the redoubts, Sir. The Mexican must be preparing an attack.

Col. Doniphan. Then we must stop the game long enough to whip the Mexicans. To your posts. Have the bugles sound the advance.

(*The officers seize guns and rise. Soldiers enter, singing snatches of "Joe Bowers." As they take rifles and start to go off, Colonel Doniphan shouts to the officers.*)

Col. Doniphan. Remember that I have the biggest score. We'll play it out as soon as the battle is finished.

A Messenger. The Mexicans have formed their lines, Sir.

Col. Doniphan. Save your powder; don't fire.

Capt. Elliott. General Heredia is sending a messenger this way with a black flag, Sir.

Mexican Messenger (*approaching Col. Doniphan*). The Mexican general summons your commander to appear before him.

Col. Doniphan. If your general desires peace, let him come here.

Mexican Messenger. Does your commander refuse to come?

Col. Doniphan. He does.

Mexican Messenger. Prepare for the charge. We neither ask nor give quarter.

(*Waving a black flag over his head, he turns back to the Mexican line.*)

Capt. Weightman. Colonel, there are great odds against us.

Col. Doniphan. About six to one.

Capt. Weightman. And they are strongly entrenched.

Col. Doniphan. They certainly could not have a stronger position.

Capt. Weightman. They have ropes and handcuffs prepared, our spy says, to lead us into the City of Mexico.

Col. Doniphan. Get your howitzers ready.

(*The bugle sounds; the men are paraded; cartridges are distributed; standard bearers take their places. The men throw themselves into the charge. Colonel Doniphan with field glasses stands on a mound and watches the course of the battle.*)

A Soldier (*running up to him*). Major Owens has fallen, Sir.

Col. Doniphan. It will take two thousand Mexicans to pay for that loss.

Another Soldier. Sergeant Tom Hinkel is fighting on the other side of the entrenchment with stones, Sir.

Another. The Mexicans are flying, Sir.

Col. Doniphan. That is the beginning of the end, then.

A Messenger. The Mexicans are in full retreat, Sir.

Col. Doniphan. Well, the Missourians did the job. The Territory of New Mexico is assured to the United States.

EPISODE V

The Civil War.

SCENE 1

The Outbreak of the War.

TIME. May, 1860.

PLACE. A Boone County Home.

GROUP. A country party is in progress on the lawn. Older people are interested onlookers while the young folks play, "Oh, Sister Phoebe." A negro fiddler keeps time to the music with his body; other negroes in the background keep time with hands and feet. In the foreground some older men and women are talking together.

SPEAKING PERSONS.

Colonel Carter, torn between loyalty to the Union and to his State.

Mrs. Carter, his wife.

John and Lawrence Carter, their sons.

Randolph and Mrs. Hamilton.

Sallie Hamilton, their daughter.

Dr. and Mrs. Whalen.

James Middleton.

Young People (*singing until the entry of Mr. Middleton*).

Oh, Sister Phoebe, how merry were we
When we sat under the juniper tree!
The juniper tree—heigh-o! heigh-o!
The juniper tree—heigh-o!
Rise you up, Johnny, and choose you the one;
Choose you the fairest, or else choose none!
Or else choose none,—heigh-o! heigh-o!
Or else choose none,—heigh-o!
Take this cap on your head—keep your head warm;
Take a sweet kiss and 't will do you no harm!

'T will do you no harm,—heigh-o! heigh-o!
'T will do you no harm,—heigh-o!

COL. CARTER. They say Mr. Caldwell has taken his negroes and his mules and gone to Texas.

MRS WHALEN. He has? Do you think there's any danger?

RANDOLPH HAMILTON. No. The people of the North have not entirely lost their senses. They won't make war on the South.

DR. WHALEN. It is the South that is provoking this war. Secession is treason.

COL. CARTER. Let us not quarrel, gentlemen. Oh, this miserable, this unnatural strife! Neighborhoods and even households will be divided. Brother will fight against brother. I am for the Union as long as there is any hope of preserving it, but——

R. HAMILTON. There's not the slightest hope of preserving it. The Southern States are out for good. The only question for Missouri to decide is where she will stand. Will it be with the North or with her sister Southern States?

COL. CARTER. Our interests as a state are bound up inseparably with the maintenance of the Union; our sympathies, our personal sympathies, are, in a large measure, with the people of the South.

R. HAMILTON. The people of Missouri will never surrender their slaves at the bidding of any earthly power. Missouri will never furnish a regiment to invade a Southern state for the purpose of coercion.

JAMES MIDDLETON (*bursting in greatly excited, waving a copy of the "Missouri Statesman" in his hands*). Have you heard the news?

ALL (*crowding about him excitedly*). No. What news?

MR. MIDDLETON. They've taken Camp Jackson!

ALL. What? Camp Jackson? Who has?

MR. MIDDLETON. Captain Lyon. The boys are all prisoners of war, now.

ALL (*greatly excited*). Prisoners? Captured? Our boys? By Yankee mudsills?

R. HAMILTON. By a Yankee captain? Our State invaded? By mercenary Dutch?

LAWRENCE CARTER. Father, I can't wait now. I must go. The boys leave for Boonville in an hour. May I go with them?

COL. CARTER. Yes, my son, yes. I appreciate your feelings.

MRS. CARTER. Oh, my boy, you're only sixteen! But I knew you would go. I know it is right, dear child, but you are so young.

COL. CARTER. My decision is made. The fanatics of the North have, by this act, driven Missouri from the Union. Henceforth the Confederate States of America is my country; the Stars and Stripes to me is a foreign flag.

(*John Carter, the oldest son, enters in the uniform of a Union soldier.*)

SALLIE HAMILTON. Why, John Carter, what are you doing in that uniform?

COL. CARTER. My son! What does this mean?

JOHN CARTER. I'm going, too. I've come to say goodbye.

SALLIE. Oh, must you go? And on that side?

MRS. CARTER. You will fight your own brother? Suppose you should meet Lawrence on the battlefield?

JOHN. I have thought of that and it breaks my heart, but I must go. I cannot fight for slavery and against the old flag.

(*A troop of Confederate youths marches across the stage. Lawrence tells family, friends, and negroes goodbye, joins the troops and goes off with them. The young folks and the negroes show little sign of seriousness. They shout: Good-bye! Hurry back! It won't take more than six weeks, Larry. Show them how a Southerner can fight!*)

COL. CARTER. Bob, get the Carter Sword. (*Bob, a negro, goes after it.*) My son, you know the history of the Carter Sword, the "Sword of Bunker Hill." It was worn by your great-grandfather on that bloody day. It took a life in defense of the flag you love, the flag that to me is becoming the symbol of tyranny. Take it, son; I know you will never dishonor it.

JOHN. I pledge you my word of honor, Sir. And now, goodbye.

MRS. CARTER. Oh, my son, my son!

JOHN (*to Sallie Hamilton*). If I come back, Sallie?

SALLIE. When you come back. But, oh, John, I wish you were in the other army. I won't know which side to pray for, now.

JOHN. Pray that the right may win.

SCENE 2

"ORDER NUMBER ELEVEN."

TIME. An evening in late September, 1863.

PLACE. Before a burning house near Independence, Missouri.

GROUP. Ewing's soldiers have destroyed the home and are to escort the family to Independence. Two small children and some slaves are in the group.

SPEAKING PERSONS.

COLONEL EWING, in command.

GENERAL GEORGE C. BINGHAM, who disapproves of the Order.

SARAH COX, a sick woman, the owner of the house.

MARTHA HOWELL, her sister.

BILL ANDERSON, a guerrilla chief.

OTHER GUERRILLAS.

COLONEL EWING. Here, get a move on you! Hurry along!

MARTHA. Have you no mercy? Can't you see she is sick? And what of the children? They can't walk all that distance.

EWING. Well, I can't help that. You knew you had to get out of here within fifteen days of the date of Order Number Eleven. Why didn't you go? Get your things and come on.

SARAH. Don't argue with him, Martha. We're in his power.

MARTHA. Well, I don't care if we are. He can't hurt me. Let him shoot me. I'd rather be dead than driven from home this way, at night, our house burned, our stock driven off, our men away—maybe killed.

SARAH. But the children! Who will care for them, if anything happens to us?

GENERAL BINGHAM (*in a kindly tone*). Don't worry, Madam. I will look after them. We Union men don't make war on children. (*Aside*). This dastardly Order Number Eleven! I'll make him rue the day he ever issued it!

SARAH (*impulsively, in a low tone to Bingham*). There's $330 in gold under the carpet beneath the dresser in the front room. If you can get it, you may have it. You have a kind voice; you seem to be a gentleman.

(*Bingham rushes into the house for the gold. He is gone so long that Sarah wishes she had not told him to go.*)

MARTHA (*defiantly*). I wish I were a man!

EWING. Well, maybe this will teach you to harbor rebels and protect guerrillas. They'll have to live, like the rats they are, in holes in the ground now. There's not a house left standing nor a pound of food left in this district. Damn rebels anyway!

MARTHA. But we are not rebels. We've stayed at home minding our own business. Is this the way Missouri looks out for the safety of her people? Our life has been one of terror. When it wasn't the Kansas Jayhawkers robbing us, it was Bill Anderson or Quantrell driving off our stock or threatening our lives to make us tell the whereabouts of our men. Is there no government to protect women and children?

EWING. War is war, and orders are orders. (*He goes off to give some further commands.*)

BINGHAM (*reappearing from the burning house*). Here's your gold, Madam.

SARAH. But I told you you could have it. I thought you'd keep it!

BINGHAM. No, take it. It's yours, and you'll need it before this is over.

EWING. Come on, now. I can't stay here all night. Make those young ones step lively. Fall in, men. Forward, march!

(*As they disappear toward Independence, a band of guerrillas steals into sight and surveys the situation.*)

ANDERSON. Well, if those damn Yankees ain't trying our kind of fighting! We can beat 'em at this game, though. We've had more training. We showed 'em a real fire in Lawrence, Kansas, and we can show 'em one in Missouri.

SECOND GUERRILLA. Just burning over a few counties up here in West Missouri can't stop us; can it, Captain? Let's go back to Boone County. The State University would make a bigger fire than the depot at Centralia. I'd relish a skirmish with that "Columbia Tiger Company."

ANDERSON. Well, they've left nothing for us here. We'll catch 'em before they get to Independence.

THIRD GUERRILLA. When the Government can't protect its people, we people have to look out for ourselves. And it's the "Devil take the hindmost" now.

(*Shots are heard in the distance.*)

ALL. What's that? Red Legs? Come on, boys!

SCENE 3

THE ELECTION OF 1870.

TIME. Evening of a day in late November, 1870.

PLACE. A street in Columbia, Missouri.

GROUP. Citizens of the town and country round about and students of the State University march in a torchlight procession celebrating the results of the election. They carry illuminated banners, bearing such mottoes as The Test Oath Abolished; Liberals and Republicans; United We Stand; Education vs. War; B. Gratz Brown, Governor.

SPEAKING PERSONS.

GORDON BATES, an ex-Confederate soldier.

WILLIAM HOWELL, a former Union soldier.

WILLIAM HOWELL. The struggle has been a bitter one, but with the men back home and at work, and the Test Oath abolished, the future looks bright.

GORDON BATES (*as the State University students pass*). They're a fine body of young men and from a fine, growing institution.

WILLIAM HOWELL. Yes, the enrollment at the University is more than one hundred and fifty this fall, with an equal number in the Preparatory Department.

GORDON BATES. Boone County can well be proud of its work in securing the Agricultural College. Other counties bid more than we did, and we owe a great deal to Senator Rollins for securing it.

WILLIAM HOWELL. Missouri's schools will be the means of repairing the damage of the years of strife.

GORDON BATES (*joining in the cheers of the procession*). Hurrah for Brown! Three cheers for the Democrats!!

William Howell. Don't forget the Liberal Republicans.

Gordon Bates. You're right. We've worked together at last. The dreadful conflict is finally ended. With a united citizenship Missouri can make the welfare of her people her supreme law.

THE MASQUE

INTERPRETERS: THE RIVER PRESENCES.

The Spirit of the Missouri.
The Spirit of the Mississippi.

PERSONS.

Saint Louis.
Missouri.
Plenty.
Democracy.
Prejudice.
Victory.
A Symbol Bearer.

GROUPS.

The Arts of Peace: Agriculture; Commerce; Labor; Education; Science.
States of the Louisiana Purchase.
Other States of the Union.
Europe.
Asia.
Africa.
Australia.
South America.
Central America.
Islands of the Sea.
Spirits of the Past: The Priests; The Pioneers; Winners of Statehood; Preservers of the State.
Youths; Older Men; Women.
Soldiers; Marines; Sailors; Red Cross Nurses.

Prologue

The Spirit of the Missouri.

Hail, Mississippi!
Father of Waters, hail!

The Spirit of the Mississippi.

All hail, Missouri!
Old is our brotherhood.

The Spirit of the Missouri.

Yea, ancient our fellowship.
Watchers are we through all the ages
Of the pageant of man played here in the valley.
We alone can interpret, who have seen the whole pattern
The years were weaving,—
We, the beholders.

The Spirit of the Mississippi.

Comrade, far-traveler out of the west,
Lover of prairies, guardian of forests,
Tell now the changes the slow years have wrought.

The Spirit of the Missouri.

Long in the yore days the buffalo roamed here,
The red-man hunted.
The smoke of his signal fires traced hieroglyphs on the sky-line.
Loud throbbed the tom-tom, the shrill death chant echoed
As the wild Osage turned to the war-path.
No law he knew save the law of the tomahawk;
In strength of arm, there only lay safety.
No law he knew,—
Like the smoke of his camp fire
The red-man has vanished.

The Spirit of the Mississippi.

From the northland came hither the Fathers.
In frail canoes they dared the perilous waters;
The wondering red-skin gave them the peace-pipe.

They bore the crucifix;
Faith was the gift that they brought to the valley.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MISSOURI.

The pioneers followed, high-hearted adventurers,
Builded their settlements, kindled new hearth fires in the depths of the wilderness.
These were the vanguard of civilization.
Earth from her caverns yielded them metals;
Creatures of forest paid tribute of furs.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The gift that the pioneers brought was labor,
Labor and home-love.
They blazed new trails on toward the sunset,
Explored far river-ways.
Dreamers of dreams were they, seers of visions,
Planters of harvests their eyes should not see.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MISSOURI.

We saw the settlers come, sturdy and soul-strong.
Close by the river's marge and on the far-flung plains
Grew up their villages.
The green of the prairies turned golden with grain.
Theirs was the conquest over the wilderness.
They brought law and government.
They saw the star rise to herald the birth of the Star-child,
Ordained to high destiny, named by my name,—
Missouri.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

Forget not grim days when the heavens were darkened.
When lowered dun war-clouds, showing strange portents.
Then this our valley was seared by the breath of war;
Torn were the placid fields, flame-swept the villages,
Sundered the people's hearts.
Even the river-reeds whispered calamity.
But the dark days passed.
As when the raging sea hurls wrathful waves
Foaming but futile at some tall cliff's foot,
So above the wrack of discord and chaos,
True to the visions of her high destiny
Firm stood Missouri.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MISSOURI.

After the conflict came years of prosperity
To bless the valley.
Now the arts of peace flourish, the wide fields are fruitful;
Under the Star-child's certain protection
The people are happy.
Here at the confluence of mighty waters
Stands proud Saint Louis, first son of Missouri.
He is noble and valiant, a young knight in bright armor.
He, the bridge-builder over the water-ways,
I pause to behold him.
Throws wide the gateway to all the rich West.

PART I

[*A shaft of light reveals the kneeling figure of Saint Louis. As he rises, Missouri enters, attended by the Arts of Peace and followed by Plenty, who greets Saint Louis.*]

PLENTY.

I salute you, noble son of Missouri. Through your gates have surged long the flood tides of man. Yours was the city where men looked for the last time on home and comfort before they turned to the westward in search of rich metals of the earth, or when they hunted the creatures of the forests of the Upper Missouri for their furs, and when they toiled over the trails to the south and the north-west to rekindle their hearth-fires on the virgin prairies or in the valleys of the Rockies. These same men turned to watch your city grow more dim and small on the eastern horizon as they gained on their westward way, for yours was the last stronghold of civilization. And to your markets they returned rich with the spoils from western lands, happy in your protection. Thus in the early days the Spanish and the French passed and returned. Then came the American. All of these, even as I, have saluted you and held you in their hearts.

[*She gives Saint Louis a garland.*]

SAINT LOUIS.

Plenty, I thank you for your garland. May I ever be loyal and true to those who have built my rich city, and may I ever be a sharer in the riches of your largess.

[*He bows over Plenty's hand as she ascends the dais.*]

MISSOURI.

My noble son, the days of your majority are at hand. Your city is no longer a settlement and trading post of the early days. You have builded well. Now great railroads meet within your gates to spread themselves again across far plains and through mountain passes. Your name is known to peoples of distant lands. You are my eldest and my strongest son. Nay, you are larger and stronger than any of the valiant city-

sons and daughters of my sister-states of the Purchase. The Arts of Peace dwell within your walls and flourish there or wield and ply their labors outside your gates. And since you are my most distinguished son, I charge you to summon the peoples of all lands and seas to celebrate the splendor of your city and to commemorate the glory of the purchase of the Louisiana Territory.

SAINT LOUIS.

It is to you that I owe the most that I have and all that my city can ever hope to be. The glowing splendor of your name is graven on the hearts and is spoken by the tongues of men o'er all the earth. Nay, good Mother, let the children of the earth come here to pay you homage and to celebrate the purchase of these fair lands.

ALL.

Aye, aye.

SAINT LOUIS.

Speak, speak ye bugles! Blow and call; call the world to come and do honor to Missouri. Call my mother's sister-states; call the Old World and the New, the Orient, and the distant Islands of the Seas. Sound!

[*In procession led by the States of the Purchase, the States of the Union and the representatives of all the peoples of the earth come to pay homage to Saint Louis and Missouri.*]

SAINT LOUIS.

You are welcome, welcome all. The gates of the city have been opened wide in the honor of your arrival to commemorate this day in the minds of men, and in appreciation of the reverence that you have shown Missouri. I pray you abide here awhile. Show to them the useful arts and mystic crafts of your countrysides. Teach them your ways of life. Celebrate with us the centennial of the purchase of this sometime Louisiana Territory. Mingle with us in festival and ever hold the friendship of this great land as a sacred trust, for so we hold and guard yours. In the name of great Missouri, I greet you and bid you to join with me in revelry.

[*Dancers celebrate the occasion of festival. At the close of the dance, Missouri and Saint Louis lead off the procession, leaving the scene to the River Presences.*]

FIRST INTERLUDE

THE SPIRIT OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

Time has turned a new page in the book of Fate.
Now to Missouri in her day of security
Comes the hard hour of crucial decision.
Strange omens of evil burn in the sunrise,
And from the eastward sound hurtlings of conflict.
From office and factory, furrow and mine-shaft,
Even from college-walls, now she must summon
Her obedient children to join with strange allies
In an alien land;
Must bid them die in shock of battle,
Life's joys just tasted.
Will great Missouri, peaceful and prosperous,
Endure the throe, make willing sacrifice?

THE SPIRIT OF THE MISSOURI.

In time of crisis Missouri will not fail.
Now the old world calls the strong sons of the new.
To strive in the old fight that here their fathers won
To make the people's safety in all lands
The highest law.
When armed men trample the weak and defenseless,
Missouri will ever rally to combat.
When America's armies march into battle,
She shall be found right in the vanguard;
Her son shall draw the bright sword of leadership.
Honored is she beyond her sister-states;
Great is her destiny.

PART II

[*A flash of lightning reveals Missouri and Plenty. They start upright with gestures of alarm and a word of questioning. Democracy enters in haste and agitation.*]

DEMOCRACY.

Harken, harken, noble Missouri, guardian of the West! All Europe writhes in the throes of war. Not only the safety and honor of Europe lie at stake. Even your bounteous lands may some day feel the tread of the cursed heel of autocracy. Arise! Arm your sons. Bid America haste ere the hours pass wherein she may hurl her forces to dam the hordes that flood in, ruthless as the tides, over the fields of placid Flanders, the vine-hung hills of Champagne, and the sun-kissed plains of Italy,—worshipers of Odin that venture to throw pestilence on the Channel-shore of Britain. Haste, oh, haste, ere the hour come when your brave sons would fall, snapped off like dry reeds before a merciless hurricane, and the world be robbed of liberty. Even yet there is time,—aye, little time. I charge you, bid me call your sons.—

[*As he speaks, the dark figure of Prejudice steals in. He plucks Missouri's garment and interrupts Democracy.*]

PREJUDICE.

Nay! Heed him not, Missouri. It is of your own son's safety that you are guardian, not of the welfare of an alien folk. Do but look out over the fertile acres of your broad farm lands; see the factories where the wheels of industry turn busily all day long; behold the populous streets of your cities. Be not misled by a dreamer to sacrifice the reality of the golden stream that now flows into your coffers for an impossible ideal of world-brotherhood. Consider the prosperity and the happiness of the people. Shall all this ordered activity be changed to the confusion and the misery that ever attend upon war?

DEMOCRACY.

There is but little safety in your hid security. True, France is far away. But alien—is France alien to Missouri?

France, whence came the seed of your beginnings, who builded your first settlement and gave you religion. France who "embodies all of loveliness and of valor. Beauty is her handmaiden, and strength her shield bearer, and the shining courage of her daughters has matched the courage of her dauntless sons. . . . . She has walked, high of heart, through the valley of the shadow. Her body is in torture, but her forehead is alight with the beauty of the morning. Never in history has there been such steadfast loyalty in the doing of dangerous duty, such devotion to country, such splendor of service and of sacrifice, and great shall be her reward—for she has saved the soul of the world."* France never forgets. Forget not France.

PREJUDICE.

Great Missouri, hearken not to him. He would lead your sons and daughters away from the highroad of peace and progress; he would set their feet in the desolate pathway that leads down to death. Shall you who have promised them safety now forget that promise, consigning them to destruction? In your defense, gladly would they fight and proudly fall. But you are unscathed, unthreatened. The menace of an invading conqueror is but a bogie to frighten children, invention of one who pleads a weak case. Europe has ever been a battle-ground on which each generation sheds its blood in the old rivalries of jealous nations. Should Britain, the erstwhile arch-enemy of our nation, make you her pawn to pit against an imperious arrogance that questions her ascendency? Europe is very far away. Why should you send your sons across far seas to die under alien skies in a quarrel not their own? Let the New World have naught to do with Old World wars.

DEMOCRACY.

I charge you by all that you have ever stood for, to turn from lone secure enjoyment of the fruits of prosperity and to give of your best for the safety of all peoples. By the conceivers of your statehood, by the preservers of your unity, by all your illustrious, valiant past, I charge you. Up, up out of the dim distance of the bygone years, O Spirits of the Past, return and speak. [*To Missouri.*] Hearken!

*Roosevelt, Theodore, *Address before the Pennsylvania Society*. December 9, 1917.

[*Groups of the spirits of earlier epochs in Missouri history pass across the stage. In the first group are a priest, monks, and acolytes; in the second, French pioneers; in the third, winners of statehood; in the fourth, preservers of the state in the period of Civil War. As they pass in turn before Missouri, a spokesman voices the special appeal of each group.*]

THE PRIEST.

We were the first that came the long
River-way through the wilderness
To bring thee faith, our own rose-red Grail.
Canst thou in this darkest hour now fail
To heed our plea for the world's distress?
Send forth thy legions to right the wrong.

THE PIONEER.

Ah, Missouri, do not forget
Thy pioneers who were sons of France.
She gave thee La Salle and the brave Renault,
Pierre Laclede, de Belle Rive, Chouteau.
So now in the day of her dire mischance
Send thy strong sons to pay the debt.

A WINNER OF STATEHOOD.

We, winners of statehood, speak again
Who, in thy youth pledged thee to call
Thy people's safety the law supreme.
The new age brings thee a nobler dream:
Thy sons must hazard, thy sons must fall
To make life safe for all sons of men.

A PRESERVER OF THE STATE.

Mighty Missouri, beware the foe
Within thy gates who would bid thee stay.
Hearken no more to the lips that feign
While the call of duty rings clear and plain.
Thou too must fight for mankind today;
Arm thy bright lads, and let them go.

MISSOURI.

Enough! In the hour of supreme need, we do not pause to count the cost. Now safety must be lost for safety's sake. My sons shall go, and with them will march their brethren

from all America. We do but pay our debt, for all that we have and all that we are we owe to democracy.

"It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free."*

Stand forth, ye trumpeters, and sound the call to arms.

[*The call is sounded. Plenty places her offering at the feet of Democracy. Prejudice, disconcerted, shrinks back and steals away.*

First, appear a soldier, a marine, and a sailor. Then come the groups of the Arts of Peace, followed by another group of older men, women, and youths. Young men leave each group to join the soldier, the marine, and the sailor. Each who bears a symbol first intrusts it to the care of an older man or a woman. These, receiving the symbols, join the groups of the Arts of Peace. The troops depart.

A group of dancers express the offered service of all the Arts of Peace.]

*Wilson, Woodrow, *Message to Congress*, April 2, 1917.

SECOND INTERLUDE

THE SPIRIT OF THE MISSOURI.

In these months of waiting, life is like a stretched bow-string.
Here we behold a most noble vision
Of the forces of peace all toiling together
Forging strong weapons for the forces of war.
Now the battle is joined, and as yet no man knoweth
What shall be the issue.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

Nay, do not doubt.
The midnight of uncertain strife is past,
And already faint harbingers of hopeful light
Herald the coming of Victory's clear dawn.
Soon men shall walk again in wonted paths.
The current of man's life flows like a river,
And as the stream in flood-time choked with flotsam,
Turns from its course and, seeking outlet,
Overflows and blights the countryside,
So war turns man's power into destructiveness.
When flood and freshet pass,
The stream returns again to the old course,—
And so does man.
Soon when the spate of war has passed,
The people's life will flow again in the old ways.

PART III

[*As the scene grows light bugles are heard, and all assume attitudes of joyous expectancy.*

Victory enters with standard bearers, leading the homecoming sons of Missouri.]

VICTORY.

Noble Missouri, in the name of those who stand for the rights and the freedom of all peoples, I salute you. I bring to you banners decked with the laurels gained at the Marne and in the Argonne. Your decision to turn from secure peace to hazard your fortunes in the arena of war has won world-renown for your valiant sons. Your legions, joined with those of France and of Britain's Empire, turned the tide of war. I found your soldiery at Chateau Thierry, and I showed them the death-haunted way up the valley of the Meuse. Rest in your security. Democracy is saved.

Doubly honored are you, O Missouri. Not only did you give of your best and noblest, but to one of these fell leadership. His name shall be treasured in the minds of all nations, and they shall call you blessed. Their children's children, generations yet unborn, shall speak the name of this son of Missouri—a name that shall go ringing, echoing and re-echoing down the avenues of the future.

The great Missourian who led the legions of America has sent yours home to you, and he begs that your armies of war enter again the ranks of peace.

Hail, hail, noble Missouri! Glorious is your name.

[*While Victory is speaking, those who received symbols return them. One seeker, having sought in vain, voices his distress over the absence of the giver of his symbol.*]

A SYMBOL BEARER.

Alas!
He is not here, but on a torn
And riven field of France,

Where Death doth hold him in a trance
That I alone must mourn.
O had I played his warrior part,
Had felt the thrill of life,
He offered up at battle's mart
To end the deadly strife!
O that I had played that part,
One cast of pitch-and-toss,
That he alone played from the start—
And I to mourn his loss.
There on a field, without a name,
He sleeps serenely on,
Unmindful of this coming dawn,
Unconscious of his fame.

DEMOCRACY.

Do no weep, I pray you. Lament not the fallen, for they did not fall in vain. Though they sleep on the breast of a land not their own, they do not rest in alien soil, for they are left in the faithful care of France, who holds the guarding of the glorious dead as a token of her sincerest friendship, her strongest bond of duty, and her most holy trust.

Your loss is mine and Missouri's—a common burden. In the ranks of peace are many vacant places; it is your privilege and the privilege of all to perform the duties of comrades who will never return. Only by faithfulness to this trust can we pay the debt due these dead. In labor forget your sorrow, but ever cherish and hold sacred the living memory of those who, gladly giving all, made this sacrifice.

This great country has not passed untouched through the agony of world strife; but now is the midnight hour of the nations past, and the dawn of the new day brightens when there shall be a joining together of free peoples—the weak and the strong—in accordance with the divine plan of the Invincible Mind, in unison and harmony.

MISSOURI.

I welcome you with all my heart, and I give thanks to the Supreme Power that you are returned resplendent in the flush of victory. In honoring yourselves, you have honored me.

We have given much—our sons, our might, our blood. In all the years of war no enemy advanced a single pace beyond the frontier of freedom that you held. Some things we remember always. With the holding of that post you paid in part our honored debt to France. For days and nights I watched with narrowing eyes while you fought on with valorous France beside the bridges of the Marne.

Now up in the valleys the peasants are tilling their humble gardens; the soil of the battle-grounds is richer than it used to be; the scarred trees on the hillsides will be green again; the larks have come back and are singing in the fields. Sometimes at sunset the river runs red again.

And as the peasantry of beloved France have turned back to the old life, return to your accustomed labors. Give the strength, the courage, the devotion to peace that you have given to war. Through suffering and sacrifice you have shed a new light on my emblazoned legend, found a finer meaning for "the safety of the people"—safety not for yourselves alone, but safety for all mankind.

[*In response to this exhortation, a processional is formed which is led from the scene by Missouri, Victory, and Democracy.*]

EPILOGUE

THE SPIRIT OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

For all wounds Time brings healing, old Time the physician,
Even for war-scars.
Already Missouri, in moment of triumph doffing her
panoply,
Throws all her strength into labors of peace.
'Tis well that strife be forgotten, but may she forget not
The new vision of duty learned in war-travail.
As in the old days the sons of Missouri,
Gave their lives freely to conquer the wilderness,
To leave their children law as a heritage,
So now the youths of a new generation
Have proved themselves worthy of the great tradition.
Though faint and far came the echoes of conflict,
They heard the summons and, quick to obey it,
Scorning to dwell in unshared security,
Poured out their life treasure for mankind's ransom;
With their blood they wrote a new creed for Missouri,
The creed of world fellowship.
They held high the torch that America lighted
To beacon the way to new civilization
When the safety of man
Shall be the law of all nations.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MISSOURI.

We, knowing the past, may have faith in the future.
Life's course moves in cycles, a spiral ascending;
Ever the soul of man reaches to higher levels
Of nobler achievement and of wider vision.
Slowly he moves, but his progress is upward.
Now Missouri stands ready, clear-eyed and courageous
To follow her destiny.
Watchers are we through all the ages
Of the pageant of man played here in the valley.
We alone can interpret who have seen the whole pattern
The years are weaving,—
We, the beholders.

MISSOURI

A PAGEANT *and* MASQUE

THE CAST

PRESS OF COLUMBIA PRINTING CO

A Kentuckian: Dr. E. R. Clark.

A Virginian: George H. Sabine.

A Baptist Minister: Vincent Davis.

A Methodist Minister: Ralph K. Watkins.

A Stalwart Young American: J. B. Coppedge.

The Town Crier: John H. Mueller.

The Crier's Boy: John Nardin.

A Child: Peggy Clark.

Pierre Chouteau: Dozier Gardner.

Auguste Chouteau: George Simmons.

Spanish Soldiers: Roscoe Walter, J. Mueller, W. Hoeflin, H. Trowbridge, F. V. Wells, L. C. Roberts, T. A. Anderson, R. W. Nilson.

EPISODE III

Nathaniel Patton: John C. Moffet.

Captain Nelson: R. J. Ball.

Thomas Hemstead: O. Ament.

Benjamin Holliday: E. H. Decker.

A Methodist Preacher: W. W. Gibbany.

A Negro: Mills Wellsford.

Town Crier: William Tisdel.

Emigrants: Guy M. Maness, P. L. Warren, Harry B. Shepard, W. C. Tingle.

Negro Slaves: Cecil Coggin, Henry Walter, Walter Reese, Roy McQuitty, Channing Crane, Flossie Bell McDonnell.

Indians: John H. S. Gall, Mona Brown, Helena Wrench.

Townspeople: Mrs. W. W. Gibbany, Caroline Pickard, Buell Leopard, Helen Slavens, Elton M. Nichols, Harold Le Mert.

Rivermen: E. C. Dysart, Charles Nutter, F. H. Gorman, Evan Hammett.

Group of Girls: Esther Lee Blankenship, Vesper Briant, Bernice Elmore, Opal Proctor, Helen Cruse, Bertie Lee Dorsey, Dorothy Dunlap, Zola Leadbetter, Ava Redman, Louise Helme, Aurolyn Hone, Hortense Slavens, Florence Windsor, Glenna Belle Lain, Clara Belle Cain, Virginia Boyd, Dorothy Means.

EPISODE IV

General Kearney: Stanley Andrews.

Colonel Doniphan: Leo Harned.

Lt. Col. Jackson: Chester J. Peters.

Major Clark: Carl C. Zimmerman.

Capt. Elliot: J. I. Keith.

Capt. Weightman: John B. Drake.

Capt. Reid: Harry C. Lapp.

Capt. Fisher: Arthur C. Fay.

Mexican Messenger: Floris M. Hauds.

Soldiers and Messengers: A. B. Crawford and Wesley Moore.

SOLDIERS: Company E., R. O. T. C., University of Missouri: A. G. Anderson, Rex R. Bailey, George B. Berry, P. W. Bragg, F. B. Bridges, Karl P. Chesney, R. C. Coleman, R. Chomeau, Kinnaird Duncan, Emmett C. Dysart, Jack W. Elwanger, Chas. E. Erb, Percy Feingold, R. M. Ford, J. H. Grower, J. G. Groves, Fred Gurley, Joseph L. Gutting, E. E. Hall, H. D. Hankins, LeRoy H. Hays, V. M. Houston, E. Howery, Robert M. Kinney, Chester R. Lyle, Kirk P. McCrary, Dillard E. Mercer, John M. Mytton, Benjamin M. Orr, John A. Ost, Chas. I. Pray, E. R. Rademacher, Albert O. Ray, Joseph E. Slatten, Irving G. Strauss, David N. Thompson, Edward S. Willis, H. P. Woodworth, Chalmers R. Wood, Carl E. Woltman.

Captain—Bernard Von Hoffman.

First Lieutenant—Lawrence W. DeMuth.

Second Lieutenant—C. R. Johnson.

(Company E. appears also in the Masque, and individuals from it in various other episodes.)

EPISODE V

SCENE I.

Colonel Carter: Frank H. Harris.

Mrs. Carter: Mrs. W. K. Freudenberger.

Randolph Hamilton: H. M. McPheeters.

Mrs. Hamilton: Mrs. Boyd Speer.

Sallie Hamilton: Jane Preston.

Dr. Whalen: Sidney Rollins.

Mrs. Whalen: Mrs. Herbert White.

James Middleton: Giltner Ingals.

John Carter: Howard Rusk.

Lawrence Carter: Albert Hillix.

Thaddeus Price: Frank Belden.

Guests at Party: Miss Emma Cauthorn, Mrs. John Belcher, Mrs. L. D. Shobe, Miss Sallie Bedford, Mrs. Henry Reinhart, Mrs. Tom King, Dr. R. L. Lockridge, Lois Roberts, Lolita Hungate, Lucille Breckenridge, Margaret Williams, Dorothy Dorcy, Beatrice Kehr, Bertha Kehr, Mabel Bandy, Mary McHarg, Lorine Jacobs, Lenore Casselman, Helen Challis, Heyward Soreman, Eugene Bowman, C .C. Barnett, Marion Martin, Marvin Cannon, Garland Russell.

Confederate Youths: James S. Patton, Paul Keller, Irwin F. Coyle, George S. Cairns, Paul Brown, Claude Bruner, Walter F. James, H. W. McCord, A. J. Mallinkrod,t Robert C. Meador, W. J. Letts, R. M. Kinney, R. G. Kincaid, W. E. Johnson, R. B. Crutcher, Homer E. Brown, A. V. Ferry.

Negroes: Roy McQuitty (a fiddler, Uncle Ham); Channing Crane (Mose, another musician); Cecil Coggins (Bob, a negro servant).

SCENE II.

Colonel Ewing: George Hawn.
Major Bingham: Woods Peters.
Sarah Cox: Lois Ross.
Martha Howell: Elizabeth Black.
Bill Anderson: Carrall McCorkle.
Second Guerilla: George S. Cairns.
Third Guerilla: H. W. LeMert.
Howell Children: Helena Wrench, Joe Randolph.
Federal Squad: Ralph Ireland, Lowell R. Johnson, Andrew C. Norwnie, Erwin C. Ochsner, Franklin Cardwell, Charles R. Combs, Alfred H. Fieth, Charles C. Tucker, Corporal.

Guerillas: Frank Rea, W. R. Branch, Charles B. Kendrick, Jack W. Bell, G. G. Boyd, W. R. Lewellen, W. L. Mellor, E. L. Wright, O. M. Gillaspy, E. L. Knipmeyer, B. W. Simons, F. L. Sipe.

SCENE III.

Gordon Bates: Robert F. Schuette.
William Howell: Milton Thompson.
Procession: All the men of the other scenes.

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TAPESTRY GROUP

Frances Denny, Mona Brown, Lura Lewis, Frances Corlew, Hazel Huffman, Fay Johnnes, Louise Lacy, Wilhelmina Herwig, Helen Wrench, John H. Gall, William Tisdel, Channing Crane, Mills Wellsford.

THE MASQUE

THE SPIRIT OF THE MISSOURI: Lois Ross.
THE SPIRIT OF THE MISSISSIPPI: R. D. F. Waye.
SAINT LOUIS: Howard A. Rusk.
PLENTY: Mildred Hudson.
MISSOURI: Frances Denny.
DEMOCRACY: Gerald C. Maddox.
PREJUDICE: John C. Moffitt.
A PRIEST: E. Paul Smith.
A PIONEER: Cynthia Starr.
A WINNER OF STATEHOOD: Wilbur Maring.
A PRESERVER OF THE STATE: Mrs. W. K. Freudenberger.
VICTORY: Mary Louise Brown.
A SYMBOL BEARER: Caroline Pickard.

THE ARTS OF PEACE

AGRICULTURE: Leader, Lena Brown. Richard Ball, D. H. Bray, Marguerite Grolton, Carl Moeller, H. A. Moore, Ray Mark Ruark.

LABOR: Leader, James Boyle. Louise Bostian, Caroline Collins, W. R. Crooks, P. W. McCormick, Artie Walters, M. B. Williams.

COMMERCE: Leader, R. W. Elliott. G. N. Barry, Ruth Giffin, W. E. Johnson, Marjorie Loonie, H. H. Mason, Phyllis Thomas.

SCIENCE: Leader, Georgia France. John Gilmore, Elizabeth Weeks, Ella Wyatt.

EDUCATION: Leader, Ella Jens. W. R. Branch, Margaret Smith, Chalmers Wood.

PEOPLES OF THE WORLD

EUROPE: Frances Zimmerman. Irene Christy, Fay Ostner.

ASIA: O. W. Bond. R. D. Chomeau, W. H. Conrad, A. H. Fieth, L. N. Leeds.

AFRICA: Mary Hughes Damerall. W. R. Campbell, G. W. Robinson, Jr.

AUSTRALIA: Mary Hamil. Mary Lee Faris.

SOUTH AMERICA: Esther Hill. Dorothy Dunn, Christine Gabel.

CENTRAL AMERICA: Donald Whitcomb.

ISLANDS OF THE SEA: Ethel Tucker, Martha Cornish, Nancy George, Ruth Hagemann, Gertrude Weirs.

THE STATES: Doris Ambler, Madge Terry, Gladys Deacy, Laura Smith, Hildred Caywood, Genevieve Pierce, Erma Walker, Isabel Nason, Bernice Childs, Leila Shepard, Kathryn Reynolds, Mary Emma Terrill, Louise Harrington, Anna Laura Glazier, Mildred Cadle, Margerie Peabody, Bunny Walker, Lura Lewis, Frances Corlew, Hazel Hoffman, Fay Johannes, Louise Lacy, Wilhelmina Herwig.

CIVILIANS: Claudia Duncan, Virginia Noel, Anna Payne, Erma Walker, Alice White, C. R. Combs, E. L. Knipmeyer, Walter Lewellen, W .L. Mellor, E. L. Wright.

RED CROSS NURSES: Madge Terry, Mildred Cadle, Louise Harrington, Gertrude Weirs.

HERALDS: Ernest Garth, Robert Steele.

SOLDIERS: Company E., R. O. T. C. (listed under Episode Three).

DANCERS: Mona Brown, Frances Dunwoody, Catherine Callahan, Zerelda Zoff, Laura Cox.

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